

DOCTOR  
Merry-man:

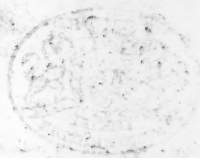
OR,  
Nothing but Mirth.

*Written by S. R.*



LONDON

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*Doctor Merry-man : Or,  
Nothing but Mirth.*

**A** Citizen for recreation sake,  
To see the Countrey, would a Iourney take  
Some dozen myle, or very little more :  
Taking his leaue with friends two moneths before,  
With drinking Healths, and shaking by the hand,  
As he had traueled to some new found Land.  
Well, taking Horfe with very much adoe,  
*London* he leaueth for a day or two ;  
And as he rideth, meets vpon the way  
Such (as what hast foeuer) bid men stay :  
/ Sirra (saies one) stand, and your Parfe deliuer ;  
I am a Taker, you must be a Giuer.  
Vnto a Wood hardby they hale him in,  
And rife him vnto the very skin.  
Masters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,  
For you haue robb'd more now then you doe know :  
My Horfe (introth) I borrow'd of my Brother,  
The Bridle and the Saddle of an other :  
The Ierkin and the Bases be a Taylors :  
The Scarfe (I doe assure you is a Saylors :  
The Falling band is likewise none of mine,  
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine :  
The Sattin Doublet and Rays'd-Veluet Hose  
Are our Churchwardens (all the Parish knowes)  
The Bootes are *Iohns* the Grocer at the Swan :  
The Spurs were lent me by a Seruing-man :  
One of my Rings (that with the great red stone)

## Doctor Merry-man : or

In sooth I borrowed of my Gossip *Joan*;  
Her Husband kuowes not of it, Gentlemen :  
Thus stands my case, I pray shew fauour then.  
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needst not greatly care  
Since in thy losse, so many beares a share :  
The World growes hard ; many good Fellowes lacke,  
Looke not at this time for a penny backe :  
Goe tell at *London*, thou didst meete with foure,  
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at least a score.

---

**T**Wo Beggars did encounter on the way,  
That had not seene each other many a day :  
Nor met together at the Hedge (*Rogues hall*)  
As perfect Lowzie as they both could craule.  
Each had a Hat, and Night-cap for the cold,  
And Cloakes with patches, full as they could hold :  
Great Satchill-scrips, that shut with Leather flaps,  
And each a Dogge to cate his Masters scraps.  
Their Shooes were hob-naile proof, soundly bepegg'd  
Wrapt well with clouts, to keep them warmer legg'd :  
Sayes one to th'other ; Come hang care, lets drinke,  
Our trade is better then a number thinke ;  
For I, my wife, and lacke, ply vp and downe,  
To make our e'ry day worth halfe a Crowne.  
Most Townes in *Flanders* I haue learnt to name,  
And am a poore distressed Souldier lame :  
And sometimes I their Charities desire,  
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire.  
Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knaue,  
Lets goe where we some watering place may haue,  
Where's the best Beere to giue a man content,  
I haue



## *Nothing but Mirrh.*

I haue a penny that was neuer spent ;  
And twenty Slaues, I Gentlemen did name,  
Before I could be master of the same :  
To many an Assle, I doe the worship giue,  
With, *Lord preserue you goodnesse while you liue ;*  
*Now Iesuu prosper you by Sea and Land,*  
*And blesse you Master all you take in hand,*  
*God keepe your Limbes, and Lord increase your store,*  
*I eate no bread to day, (but dranke the more)*  
*For Christ his sake make this same up a penny.*  
Thus doe I angle Siluer out of many ;  
I when I haue it for my speaking faire,  
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I nere care.  
The other Begger laught, and did reply,  
*Roger, of that same humor right am I,*  
I can afford good words as well as thou,  
And vnto any knaue such words allow :  
I will not want, till that my tongue doe faile ;  
But prethee come, let vs goe find this Ale ;  
I am as dry as euer was March-dust,  
And heres a Groat I meane to spend it iust.  
Well said old *Tom* (sayes th'other) if thou doe,  
My Groat shall goe, and my Tobacco too,  
Although a Beggers credit be not great,  
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit :  
I thinke my selfe as good a man each way,  
As he that goes in Veluet e'ry day,  
Weele spend a Crowne, and drinke Carowles round,  
Before some Churles, are worth ten thousand pound :  
There's nothing but a paire of Stockes we feare :  
He bring thee to a cup of tickling geare,

## Doctor Merry-man, or

---

A Mony-monger choyce of Sureties had,  
A Countrey fellow, plaine in Russet clad;  
His Doublet Mutton-taffaty, Sheepe-skinns,  
His sleeues at hand button'd with two good pins;  
Vpon his head a filthy greazie Hat,  
That had a hole (eate thorow by some Rat,)  
A leather Pouch, that with a Snap haunce shut,  
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his Shoues were put;  
The Stockins that his clownish Leggs did fit,  
Were Kersie to the Calfe, and th'other knit:  
And at a word, th'apparell that he wore,  
Was not worth twelue-pence, sold at *Who gines more?*  
The other Surety of an other stufte,  
All Silke and Veluet, in his double Ruffe,  
Made Lawne & Cambrike, both such common ware;  
His double set, and Falling-band to spare;  
His fashion new, with last edition stood,  
His Rapier hilts embrew'd with golden blood:  
And these same trappings made him seeme one sound  
To passe his credit for a hundred pound;  
So was accepted; Russet-Coate deny'd.  
But when time came the money should be paid,  
And Mounseur Vsurer did haunt him out,  
Strange alteration strooke his heart in doubt:  
For in the Counter he was gon to dwell,  
And Brokers had his painted cloathes to sell.  
The Vsurer then further vnderstands,  
The Clowne refus'd was rich, and had good Lands;  
Ready through rage to hang himsele; he swore,  
That Silken Knaues should couzen him no more.

A wealthy

## *Nothing but Mirrh.*

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**A** Wealthy Misers Sonne, vpon the way  
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray  
Some-thing of Charity in his distresse;  
Helpe Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherlesse.  
Sirra (saide he) away, begon with speede:  
Ile helpe none such; thou art a Knaue indeed.  
Dost thou complaine because thou wantst a Father?  
Were it my case I would reioyce the rather:  
For if thy Fathers death cause thee repine,  
I would my Father had excused thine.

---

**A** Countrey Fellow had a Dreame,  
Which did his minde amaze;  
That starting vp; he wakes his Wife,  
And thus to her he saies.  
O Woman rise and helpe our Goose,  
For euen the best we haue,  
Is presently at point to die,  
Vnlesse her life you saue:  
On eyther side of her I see  
A hungry Foxe doth sit,  
But staying vpon curtesie  
Who shall begin first bit.  
Husband (quoth she) if this be all?  
I can your Dreame expound,  
The perfect meaning of the same,  
I instantly haue found.  
The Goose betweene two Foxes plac'd  
Which in your sleep you saw,  
Is you your selfe, that prooue a Goose,

## Doctor Merry-man, or

In going still to Law.

On either side, a Lawyer comes,  
and they doe Feathers pull,

That in the end, you will be left

A bare and naked Gull.

Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke,  
thou art iust in the right,

My purse can witnesse to my griefe,  
they doe beginne to bite :

I doe resolute another course,  
and much commend thy wit :

Ile leaue the Gooses part for them, :  
that haue a minde to it :

And if thou euer finde that I,  
to Lawing humours fall,

Let me be hangd at *Westminster* ;

Wife, Ile forsake them all.

---

**A**N Idle fellow that would take no paine,  
Looking that others should his state maintaine,  
Was sharpe reprov'd by an honest friend,  
Who told him, Man was made to other end,  
Then onely eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and play,  
To whom the lazie creature thus did say ;  
Sir, I doe nere intend to labour much,  
Because I see the bad reward of such  
As take most paines : Horses that labour great,  
Are cast in Ditches for the Dogs to eate.

A crafty

## Nothing but Mirth.

**A** Crafty kind of Knauish Foole,  
(whereof there plenty be)  
Did breake his Masters looking glasse,  
And swore it was not he.  
His Master did examine him,  
Demaunding who it was ?  
(Sir) if you will be content (quoth he)  
He tell who broke the Glasse.  
With that, he brought him in the Hall,  
To *Fortunes* Picture there,  
Saying, Sir, t'was *Fortune* did the deed,  
She ought the blame to beare.  
His Master tooke a Cudgell,  
And belabor'd him withall,  
Who crying out for mercy, downe  
Before his feste did fall.  
Nay (quoth his Master) tis not I,  
To *Fortune* you must speake,  
For euen she that cudgels you,  
The glasse before did breake.

**A** Sort of Clownes for losse which they sustain'd  
By Souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd,  
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,  
They mou'd him to compassionate their cases.  
Good Sir, sayes one) I pray redresse our wrong,  
They that haue done it, vnto you belong :  
Of all that ere we had, we are bereft,  
Except our very Shirts, nothing is left.  
The Captaine answer'd thus : Fellowes here me :  
My Souldiers rob'd you not, I plainly see :  
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,  
But your last words, resoln'd the doubt I had :

B

For



## Doctor Merry-man : or

For they which rifled you left Shirts, (you say)  
And I am sure, mine carry all away :  
By this I know, an errour you are in,  
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

---

**O**Ne dying left three Sonnes,  
Whom he aduice did giue,  
Of what profession to make choyce,  
Whereby they best might liue.  
Vnto the first he said,  
*Law* will be good for thee ;  
I know as long as there be men,  
Some wranglers still will be.  
The second he did wish,  
A *Cannons* life to chuse ;  
For when that others weepe and mourne,  
Why thou shalt singing vse.  
And to the third he said,  
*Phisicke* for thee is fit ;  
For Earth will smother all the faults,  
*Phisicians* doe commit.

---

**A**N old stale Widdower quite past the best,  
That had nothing about him in request,  
Sauce only that he carried in his Purse,  
Would haue a tender wench to be his Nurse,  
His sight was dim, his Teeth were rotted out,  
His hands had Palzie, and his Legges the Gout ;  
Yet he would wench it with a dainty Mayde,  
Whose beauties Pride in all the Parish swayd ;  
And had her equall hardly to be seene,  
A tender young one, much about fiftene :

This

## Nothing but Mirth.

This Gallant, to her did a suter goe,  
With much adoe, his Legges did plague him so:  
Yet with his Staffe, a pretty shift he made:  
So told her, *Cupid* had the Villaine plaide  
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her sake,  
And she must needes the healing plaster make,  
The Mayd beheld him with a loathing eye,  
And for his quick dispatch, made quick reply:  
Kind Sir (quoth she) your suite in lone with draw,  
You shall not thatch my new House with old Straw.

---

**A** Gentleman a curious Building fram'd,  
A House like those, that are from Founders nam'd  
The worke-men had enlarg'd their Art thereon,  
Composing it a curious heape of Stone,  
Being perfect finished as't ought to be,  
The Founder brought his Friend the same to see;  
Demaunding, how he lik'd that House of his  
Why well (quoth he) only one fault as mine,  
And that me thinkes disgraceth all the rest,  
Your Kitchin is too little, I protest.  
Oh Sir (quoth he) in that you doe mistake:  
A reason for the same I will you make;  
Of purpose I contriude the Kitchin small,  
To haue my House the bigger therewithall.

---

**A** Barber and a Mower did contend,  
With much adoe, before their strife could end;  
About the Priuiledge that each did claime.  
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame:  
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that be,  
For Kings must sit bare-headed vnto mee:

## Doctor Merry-man : or

The greatest Monarch that on earth we finde,  
Puts off to me : *Mother*, you come behind.  
Th'other reply'd; *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,  
I have a Priuiledge exceeds you farre :  
For when by me, the Grasse with Sicke is shorne,  
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,  
Vpon the stumps I boldly can vnrustle :  
What *Barber* on his worke, that dare doe thus ?

**A**N humorous fantasticke Ass,  
Whose Wit and Wealth were spent,  
Did in all companies he came,  
Boast of his great descent :  
And all the gentlemen he knew,  
Vnto his Blood were base ;  
For he could prone from *Noah* great Flood,  
His stocke of royall race.  
Pray Sir (quoth one) take nomore paines  
In this same worthy thing,  
For it is most apparant plaine,  
From what old house you spring :  
You may iust proue your Pedigree,  
From *Noah* vnto this hower :  
Your Auncestors good Masons were,  
That wrought on *Babel* Tower.  
And were I as your Worship is,  
In spight of Bricklayers Hall,  
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,  
A Ladder, Tray, and all.

**G**entlemen, that approach about my stall,  
So most rare Phisicke I inuite you all,  
Come neere and harken what I haue to sell,

And

## *Nothing but Mirrh.*

And deale with me all those that are not well.  
In this Boxe heere, I haue such precious stuffe,  
To giue it prayse, I haue not words enuffe :  
If any humor in your Braines be crept,  
Ile fetch it out as if your head were swept.  
Almost through *Europe*, I haue showne my face,  
In euery Towne, and euery Market place :  
Behold this Salue, (I doe not vse to lye)  
Whole Hospitals there haue been cur'd thereby.  
I doe not stand heere, like a tottar'd slaue,  
My Velvet and my Chaine of Gold I haue :  
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes :  
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my bookes :  
There stands my Coach, and Horses, tis mine owne :  
From hence to *Turkie*, is my credit knowne :  
Insooth, I cannot boast as many will,  
Let nothing speake for me, but only skill :  
See you that thing like Ginger-bread lyes there,  
My tongue cannot expresse to any eare,  
The sundry Vertues that it doth containe,  
Or number halfe the wormes that it hath slaine.  
If in your bellies there be crawlers bred,  
In multitudes like Haires vpon your head,  
Within some howers space, or there about,  
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,  
And ferret them, before that I haue done,  
Euen like the Hare that forth the bush doth run.  
Heere is a wondrous water for the Eye ?  
This for the Stomacke : Masters will you buy,  
When I am gone, you will repent too late,  
And then, like fooles among your selues will prate.  
Oh that we had that famous man a salue,  
When I shall be suppl'd in *France*, or *Spain* :



## Doctor Merry-man, or

Now for a *Stoter*, you a Box may haue,  
That will the lines of halfe a dozen saue.  
My Man is come, and in mine care he sayes,  
At home for me, at least an hundred stayes;  
All Gentlemen, yet for your good you see,  
I make them tarry and attend for me:  
If that you haue no money, let me know,  
Phisicke of almes, vpon you Ile bestow,  
What Doctor in the world can offer more?  
Such arrant Clownes, I neuer knew before:  
Heere you doe stand like Owles and gaze on mee,  
But not a penny from you I can see.  
A man shall come to doe such Dunces good,  
And cannot haue his meaning vnderstood,  
To talke to senselesse people is in vaine,  
Hee see you hangd ere He come here againe,  
Be all diseas'd as bad as Horses be,  
And dye in Ditches like to Dogges, for me:  
An old Wiues Medicine, Parsely, Time, and Sage,  
Will serue such Buzzards, in this feuruy age:  
Goose-grease and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,  
Is excellent for such base lowliemates:  
Farewell, some Hempen halter be the charme,  
To stretch your neckes as long as is mine arme.

**O**Ne came to court a Wench that was precise,  
And by the Spirit did the fiend despise,  
Moouing a seeret match betweene them two;  
But she in sooth and sadnesse, would not doe:  
He did reply: so sweete a faire as she,  
Made of the stuffe as all fraile women be,  
Ought by the law of Nature to be kind,  
And shew her selfe to beare a womans minde.

Well



## *Nothing but Mirrh.*

Well Sir (quoth she) you men doe much preuaile,  
With cunning speeches and a pleasing tale;  
Tis but a folly to be ouer nice,  
You shall; but twenty shillings is my price:  
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,  
Come such a time, and I am for you, so.  
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met,  
Told him, by bond he was to pay a Debt:  
Intreating him to doe so good a deed,  
As lend him twenty shillings at his need;  
Which very kind, he present did extend:  
And th'other willing on his wife did spend:  
So taking leaue with her, he goes his wayes:  
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,  
And told him: Sir, I was at home to pay  
The twenty shillings, which you lent last day,  
And with your Wife, (because you were not there)  
I left it; pray you with my boldnesse beare.  
Tis well (quoth he) I am glad I did you pleasure.  
So comming home questions his wife at leasure;  
I pray sweete heart, was such a man with thee,  
To pay two Angels, which he had of me?  
She blush't, and said; he hath beene heere indeed,  
But you did ill to lend; Husband take heed:  
The falshood of the world you doe not spie,  
It is not good to trust before we try:  
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife.  
To haue such Knaues come home, to pay your Wife.

---

**A** Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set;  
Together at a Countrey Hen-roost met,  
Where the poore Poultry went to greenous wracke,  
For

## Doctor Merry-man, or

For there they feasted till their guts did cracke,  
Having well sup't; ready to goe away,  
Without demanding what they had to pay;  
Sayes one vnto the rest: Friends harke to me,  
Let's poynt where our next meeting place shall be:  
With a good will, sayes one vnto the rest,  
At such a Farmers house, his Lambs be best.  
Nay (quoth an other) I doe know a Clowne,  
Hath euen the fattest Geese in all the Towne.  
Well Masters, quoth a graue and ancient Fox,  
Had beene the death of many Hens and Cox:  
The surest place to meete, that I can tell,  
Will be the Skinners shop: and so farwell.

---

**A** Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe,  
Vnto the safety of his wandring sheepe;  
Percei'ud a Woolfe thorow the Hedge to pry:  
Sirrah (quoth he) pray what make you so nie?  
Why (quoth the wolfe) thou seest I doe no ill,  
Thy Flockes are far enough vpon the hill,  
What Iustice now adayes these people lackes,  
The Crowes ride boldly on thy Cattles backs,  
And not a word thou sayest to them at all:  
Yet but for looking on, with me dost braule,  
The Proverb's true, for now I find it well,  
Which once I heard an ancient old wolfe tell:  
He that vpon a bad ill name doth light,  
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out right.  
And I my selfe, by prooffe can now alleadge,  
Some better steale, then some looke ore the hedge.

The

## Nothing but Mirth.

**T**He Deuill did complaine he was not well,  
And would goe take some Phisicke out of Hell :  
To *England, France, and Spaine*, with speed he got,  
Where all refusd him, he did burne so hot :  
In hast he then to *Germany* did hie,  
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to try :  
Where, in a Market place vpon a Stage,  
He found a Fellow could all griefes assuage :  
Doctōr (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,  
For I doe finde I am exceeding ill :  
And any thing for ease, I will endure :  
What, wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure ?  
If thou canst ease the *Maladie* I haue,  
Thou shalt haue Gold, euen what thy selfe wilt craue?  
Gentleman (said this Doctōr to the Diuell)  
Vpon my life, Ile rid you of your euill ;  
Make vnto me those griefes you haue, but knowne,  
And with the curing them let me alone.  
Why Sir (quoth he) my head with Hornes doth ake,  
My Braines doth Brimstone-like, Tobacco take ;  
My Eyes are full of euer burning Fire,  
My Tongue a drop of water doth desire ;  
About my heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,  
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe :  
There's no Diseases whatsoere they be,  
But I haue all of them imposd on me :  
All torments that the tongue of man can name,  
Within, without, in a continuall flame.  
Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, Sir, Ile vndertake  
A sound man of you, within a month to make :  
Wilt please your worship shew me where you dwell?  
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in hell :  
Thy charges in the iourney I will beare,

## *Doctor Merry-man : or*

And I'll prefer thee to the Denill there :  
With speed get vp, I'll take thee on my backe,  
The World may spare you, and in Hell we lacke.

---

**A** Bishop met two Priests vpon the way,  
And did salute them with the time of day :  
Good morrow Clerkes vnto you both (quoth he)  
Sir, (they replied) no Clerkes, But Priests are we.  
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent,  
Vnto the title of your owne content :  
Since you deny to carry Schollers markes,  
Good morrow to you Priests, that are no Clerkes.

---

**O** Ne climing of a Tree, by hap,  
Fell downe, and brake his arme,  
And did complaine vnto a friend,  
Of his vnluckie harme.  
Would I had counsaied you before,  
(Quoth he, to whom he spake)  
I know a tricke for Climbers, that  
They neuer hurt shall take.  
Neighbour (saide he) I haue a Sonne,  
And he doth vse to climbe,  
Pray let me know the same for him,  
Against another time.  
Why thus (quoth he,) Let any man  
That liues, climbe neere so hie :  
And make no more haste downe then vp,  
No harme can come thereby.

---

**A** N aged Gentleman fore sicke did lie,  
Expecting life, that could not chuse but die :  
His Foole came to him, and intreateth thus,

Good



## *Nothing but Mirth.*

Good Master, ere you goe away from vs,  
Bestow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you lasse)  
Against he waxeth old, your walking-staffe.  
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is:  
But on condition *Iacke*, which shall be this;  
If thou doe meete with any, while thou liue,  
Moore foole then thou, the Staffe thou shalt him giue,  
Master (sayd he) vpon my life I will;  
But I doe hope that I shall keepe it still.  
When death drew neere, and faintnesse did proceed,  
His Master calls for a Diuine with speed,  
For to prepare him vnto Heauens way.  
The Foole starts vp, and hastily did say;  
O Master, Master, take your staffe againe,  
That prooue your selfe the most Foole of vs twaine:  
Haue you liu'd now, some foure score yeares and od,  
And all this time, are vnprepar'd for God?  
What greater Foole can any meete withall,  
Then one that's ready in the Graue to fall,  
And is to seeke about his soules estate,  
When death is opning of the Prison Gate?  
Beare witnesse friends, that I discharge me plaine;  
Here Maſte, here, receiue your Staffe againe:  
Vpon the same condition I did take it,  
According as you will'd me, I forsake it:  
And ouer and aboue, I will bestow,  
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.

*Heere lyes a man, at death, did heauen claime:  
But in his life, he neuer fought the same.*

---

**A** Simple Clowne in *Flaunders*,  
As he trauayling had bin,  
Hauing his Wife in company,

C 2

Came



## Doctor Merry-man : or

Came late vnto his Inne,  
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,  
A guest vnto the place,  
No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,  
(She had a comely face)  
And watcht when they were gone to bed,  
Then boldly in comes he,  
And neuer said, Friends by your leaue,  
But made their number three.  
The Clowne lay still and felt a stirr,  
Yet durst not speake for's life :  
At length his patience was so mou'd,  
He softly iogg'd his wife,  
And said to her ; prethee intreat  
The *Spaniard* to be still.  
Can I speake *Spanish* (man) quoth she,  
You know I haue no skill ?  
But Husband, if you please to rise,  
And for the Sexton goe,  
He vnderstandeth *Spanish* well,  
Assuredly I know.  
Faith and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he)  
And so the Rusticke rose,  
And softly sneaking out of doores,  
About his message goes.  
Meane time (imagine what you will)  
To me it is vnknowne :  
But ere her Husband came againe,  
The *Spaniard* he was gone.  
Which when this simple foole perceiu'd,  
He fell to domineere ;  
Oh Wife (said he) for twenty pound,  
I would I had him heere.

Tell

## Nothing but Mirrh.

Tell me sweet heart, when I was gone,  
How long the Knaue did stay ?  
Quoth she, you scarce were out of dores  
Before he ran away.  
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou mak'st me laugh,  
That I did feare him thus :  
Come let vs take a little nap,  
For his disturbing vs.  
You see what comes of pollicie,  
And good discretion wife,  
If I had been a hasty foole,  
It might haue cost my life.

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I Am a profest Courtezan,  
That liue by peoples sinne :  
With halfe a dozen Punks I keepe,  
I haue great commings in.  
Such store of Traders haunt my house,  
To find a lustie Wench,  
That twenty Gallants in a weeke,  
Doe entertaine the *French*.  
Your Courtier, and your Citizen,  
Your very rusticke Clowne,  
Will spend an Angell of the Pox,  
Euen ready money downe.  
I strive to liue most Lady-like,  
And scorne those foolish Queanes,  
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,  
And yet haue able meanes.  
I haue my Coach, as if I were  
A Countesse, I protest ;  
I haue my daintie Musicke playes  
When I would take my rest.

## *Doctor Merry-man, or*

I haue my Seruing-men that waite  
Vpon me, in blew Cloates :  
I haue my Oares that attend  
My pleasure, with their Boates :  
I haue my Champions that will fight.  
My Louers that doe fawne :  
I haue my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,  
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne :  
To giue my Gloue vnto a Gull,  
Is mighty fauour found ;  
When for the wearing of the same,  
It costes him twenty pound.  
My Garter (is a gracious thing)  
Another takes away,  
And for the same, a sicken Gowne  
The Prodigall doth pay.  
Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth,  
Is in such longing heate,  
My Busk-poynt on his knees,  
With teares he doth intreat :  
I grant it, to reioyce the man,  
And then request a thing,  
Which is both Gold and precious Stone,  
The Woodcocks Diamond Ring.  
An other lowly minded Youth,  
Forsooth my Shooe-string craues,  
And that he putteth through his Eare,  
Calling the rest, Bace slaues.  
Thus fit I Fooles in humours still,  
That come to me for Game :  
I punish them for Venerie,  
Leaning their Purfes lame.  
In New-gate some take lodging vp,

Till

## *Nothing but Mirrh.*

Till they to Tiburne ride:  
And others walke to Wood-streete, with  
A Sargeant by their side.  
Some goe to Hounds-ditch with their cloathes,  
To pawne for Mony lending:  
And some I send to Surgions shops,  
Because they lacke some mending.  
Others passe ragged vp and downe,  
All tottered, rent, and torne;  
But being in that scuruy case.  
Their companies I scorne:  
For if they come and fawne on me,  
There's nothing to be got;  
As soone as ere my Merchants breake,  
I sweare I know them not.  
No entertainment nor a looke,  
That they shall get of me:  
If once I doe begin perceiue  
That out of cash they be;  
All kindnesse that I professe,  
The fayrest shewes I make;  
Is loue of all that come to me,  
For Gold and Siluers sake.  
To forward men, I forward am;  
Most franke vnto the free:  
But such as take their Wares on trust,  
Are not to deale with me,  
The world is hard, all things are deare,  
Good-fellowship decayes:  
And euery one seekes profit now,  
In these same hungry dayes.  
Although my trade in secret be,  
Vnlawfull to be knowne;

## Doctor Merry-man, or

Yet I will make the best I can,  
Of that which is mine owne :  
For seeing I doe venture faire,  
At price of whipping cheere,  
I haue no reason but to make,  
My Customers pay deere :  
Our charge beside, is very great,  
To keepe vs fine and braue :  
A Whore that goes not gallantly,  
Shall little doings haue.  
Therefore all things considerd well,  
Our charges, and our danger,  
A daily friend shall pay as much,  
As any Tearme-time stranger.

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**A** Rich man and a poore did both appeare  
Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleare :  
The rich did tell a tale most tedious long,  
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words, the wrong :  
And euer when the pooreman would haue spoke,  
With bold out-facing speech he did him choke.  
The wofull wight at length, could beare no longer,  
But boldly raifd his voyce both lowd and stronger,  
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dines* stay,  
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say ;  
My Oxe came in his Field, which he doth keepe,  
And sweares for that heele pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.



